

The Western Mirror

Edited and Printed by the Students of Western Canada High School

Vol. 3.

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CANADA, FEBRUARY 28th, 1938

No. 19

Grade Elevens to Have Pictures Taken First Time for Year Book

This Year Acatec Will Have Class Pictures if Students So Desire

For the first time in the history of Year Book enterprise in Western Canada High School, Grade XI classes will have group pictures in the Year Book. Part of the cost of the picture is being paid by pupils in the Grade XI classes—this amounts to only ten cents apiece. The rest of the cost is being paid by the Year Book.

Only those classes who wish pictures in the Year Book, that is, who are willing to contribute a dime apiece, will be considered. One hundred per cent contribution is necessary. So far individual class response has not been up to expectations. Several classes have even failed to send a representative to the Aca Tec office to see about the pictures, in spite of numerous announcements. Classes who have sent representatives have not paid up as supposed to. In spite of these difficulties some of the classes will have their pictures in. Pupils who do not contribute to the class fund, will be excluded from the group picture.

THE MIRROR'S BEST SALESMEN

| | |
|------------------------|----|
| 1—Wilse Jessee | 30 |
| 2—Paul Lancaster | 28 |
| 3—Hugh Dixon | 25 |
| 4—Bob Jones | 24 |
| 5—El Williamson | 21 |
| 6—Glen Cummings | 20 |
| 7—Muriei Sutton | 20 |
| 8—Ken Penley | 17 |

Student Activities in the Shops

Once upon a time we thought that mechanics were taught only in the shop building, then we interviewed the sewing class—it sure was some surprise.

Miss Cooper and Miss Maxwell assure us that the girls must have a very sound knowledge of the construction, operation and repair of all makes of sewing machines. This gets quite complicated when one considers that there are six or eight different makes of sewing machines on the market; furthermore treadle machines are different than electrical models. Every girl, to sew, must now be a dyed-in-the-wool mechanic and able to swing a screw driver or oil-can without male assistance.

After learning how to fix the carburetor, or whatever it is, on the machine, the girls have to learn how to design dresses. They study Historic Costume Art and colour and costume designing, which they must next apply to their own wardrobe.

The classes must also know the origin and production of various fabrics—silk, linen, cotton, rayon, wool—so that they can best adapt them to their own sewing. A large

School Program Delights Crowd

Western Night Pleases Patrons at the Capitol Theatre

The Collegiate Nite, held last Tuesday at the Capitol theatre, was a wow. Many Western students who believed the presentation would go on the rocks were pleasantly surprised—for the show instead of being corny, was colossal.

Early in the program "Dossie" York and "Dodo" Heiters shuffled blithely on the stage to sing "Maggie." During the number Bert "Racketeer" Follett divided his time between holding his newly-acquired moustache in place and pretending to be the Old Mill Stream. We thought Old Mill Wheel was a little creaky at the joints, Mr. Follett. (Plug for three-in-one oil.

Taking their cues in the traditional college fur coats, the O'Connor boys brought down the house with their tap-dancing. Bernice Ireland and Alex Snowdon led the Western truckin' crew, composed of fourteen Westerners.

The show was directed by Jack Storey and the clever costumes other than those rented, were made by Miss Heiters and Miss York.

Western does it again!

part of the work covers repair and remaking of clothes. It seems that sewing requires more brains than stitches.

The Western Mirror

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A HOCKEY HIGHLIGHT

LAST Thursday afternoon a great event took place in this city. An event that will never be forgotten in my memories. I heard, and only heard, that Western Canada High School was playing a hockey game at the Arena. Now, remembering the crowds of students that had attended Western rugby games, I made up my mind to play safe and so I went to the Arena about a half an hour before game time, but that wasn't early enough. There they were, hundreds of them, pushing, shoving, all trying to buy tickets for the game. After a battle that had everything, I got into the Arena, but I was still in a crowd. Finally I got a seat about thirty rows up at one end of the rink, right behind a big beam. The cheering sections had started the Old Western Locomotive and I found myself being whirled into a school yell. Yes, sir! It was a grand sight, with the whole crowd doing their part in the cheering.

When that mass of humanity had been finally seated and the Arena packed to the

rafters, the two teams skated on to a glass-like surface of ice amid a volley of yells and boos.

After a final warm-up the teams lined up at their respective ends and the referee faced off the puck between the two rival centres and the game was on. The teams rushed from end to end at flashing speed. Each effort was cheered with enthusiasm. The crowd stood up in great waves on seeing a smart play or brilliant save at one net or the other. The noise was deafening when a big ranging Western forward took a perfect pass and skating in beat the goalie with a hard drive to the bottom right hand corner.

This display of cheering was repeated with every goal scored. I was now bare-headed, for some enthusiastic fellow had in the thick of the excitement tossed my hat skyward to land in the bottom row, only to be thrown up again. But I didn't care for this was a real thrill, being able to take part once again in good old School Spirit and being able to cheer for Dear Old Western. The excitement and uproar continued throughout three of the most dazzling periods of hockey I have, or perhaps ever will see again. When the final bell rang Western had triumphed by five goals to one over St. Mary's. The crowd jumped on to the ice and slapped, patted, smacked, and even kissed our hockey heroes.

A long line wended its way from that Arena full of high spirits and satisfaction of victory. Their comments could be heard far and wide—"What a game!" "Did you see Butch get that guy?" "Oh, I think he's grand!" (from a cute young thing.) "Didn't Flash stop some honeys!"—Who got all the goals, and so on and so on.

But why! oh why, can't this be? Why can't the students get out and support hockey. Why do I as a hockey player have to be content with this being a dream? Why can't this become real?

HANK PERRY.

AS WE SEE IT

Plans are being laid for an interscholastic ski meet in the near future between the four high schools. The exact date and place of the meet has not yet been decided on. We urge all students who ski—and all those who get a thrill out of watching others spill—to support this event.

Clubs, Frats and Sororities

THE CAMERA CLUB

Your Screwy Scribe had his suspicions aroused the other p.m. when he spotted a group of lads and lassies entering the Camera Club cloak room. With an eye to getting some scandal, I determined to see what developed, so inveigled Messrs. Paul Skirrow and Bert Beavers into showing me what developed, besides negatives, in the darkroom. Alas! my hopes were shattered. I made the discovery that it is used only for camera work.

However, my guides imparted some of their knowledge and I learned how to develop and how to enlarge photographs. The equipment is in good condition and has been improved by the members, while the dark room has been made into an excellent workshop. This club is laying the groundwork for an increasingly popular hobby, indeed, it is niding one or two in a profession.

President Bert Beaver is an ardent photographer, who intends to make it his profession. He has some excellent equipment of his own. Bert and the other members of the club are willing to aid beginners, so anyone setting out in this hobby would be well advised to turn out on Friday afternoons to learn the fundamentals and have some real fun.

AERO CLUB

The boys are now working on a "gas job" with a five-foot wing span. It is hoped the club will acquire a suitable gas engine to power the plane now under construction. During school week, March 13-20, the boys hope to exhibit the planes they have been working on during the winter. They may give a flying demonstration on the evening of March 16.

Personal

We noticed that Bob Neal returned to school last week following his absence from Western.

Many friends of Nancy Walton will be sorry to know that Nancy will be confined to her home due to a badly sprained ankle.

Helen Playdon is still sick. We hope she will be back soon.

"Have you got a Western Mirror?" This was the first question that greeted us when we visited our sports editor, Alf Minchin, in the hospital last week. Alf read the paper with a great deal of interest, especially the article on the first page concerning his withdrawal from the cast of "The Rivals." Then he handed the copy to his nurse, to whom he showed more than usual interest. As we left Alf thanked us for visiting him and added, with a smile, "I'll be glad to get back, but I'd liked to have seen that play."

The X-G girls held a Valentine luncheon on Tuesday, February 15. The table, which was set for sixteen, was tastefully decorated in the Valentine fashion and a bowl of tulips formed the attractive centrepiece. Margaret Munson and Marjorie Sproule were the hostesses and Mr. Woodman and Mr. Johnston were the guests.

SIGMA CHI RHO SORORITY

On the evening of Feb. 16 the S.C.R. Sorority entertained at a social at the home of Miss Vivienne Miller. Their guests were: Allison Smith, Marguarite Blair, Agnes McClelland, Dora Radcliffe, Eileen Martin and Ky McLean.

MOVIE TECHNICIAN KIN OF WESTERNER

Westerners may be interested in knowing that a famous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer technician is a relation of a student of this school. The technician is James Basevi, set builder of spectacular scenes for many outstanding pictures. Mr. Basevi produced the hurricane in the picture of the same name, the locust plague in "The Good Earth" and the earthquake in "San Francisco." He is the uncle of that well known sport star of our school—Johnny Richardson.

275 ATTEND SKATING PARTY

Western's skating enthusiasts trekked to Victoria Arena on Feb. 18 to take part in a successful skating party put on by the many clubs of the school.

Skating was from 8:00 to 11:00 p.m., with speed skating events in between. Ross McIntyre won the men's open and was second in the men's open backward race. Katie Patton was second in ladies' open and first in ladies' backward race.

MORE SUPPORT NEEDED

We do not like to harp on this subject, but we must have **more support** for our Scandal pages. As you know, we have six columns to cover instead of the usual four. This means we must have one and a half times as much Scandal as before. Therefore we need your whole-hearted support. Please turn "heel" for a few months and tell on some of your friends. More variety is needed in material and in wording. Our paper won an International First Place award. If you want to keep that then you must do your part **every week**.

Many Birds in Gilded Cages

What ex-Western boy, who now works for a brokerage firm, croons to Marg Cameron most every Sunday?

Ferne Munro is Bill McAfee's secret passion. Sh-h-h-h!

What does Ralph T. want to go to C.C.I. for? Could it be Verna?

Two certain boys by the names of Ralph and Lionel, have a crush on the C.C.I. girls. Ask them where they got the C.C.I. crests.

Why was Ralph in such a hurry to leave the Glacier Rink the other night?

We wonder why Nan Ogilvie tried to hit Johnnie Bolic. Trying to strike up an acquaintance, Nan?

Cameron Goodwin must have learned his lesson. He no longer follows Jim Salter and Pat Powell around.

Why is Muriel Sutton taking up the "Big Apple?" Is it because she wants to reduce—or is Baldy Rimmer the answer.

Pat Stanley, apparently, is the one girl in a thousand to whom Horace Bradley doesn't appeal. She returned his picture.

Another romance of the bowling alleys—you should see Bill Broome gazing oh, so-o-o affectionately at Rosemary Ellison every Thursday.

Jim Jardine sure does have his troubles. Mary Pierce is always mad at him, but oh, what fun they do have making up.

Mr. Maine wonders why Jack Pym can't do his Algebra. The answer is that he spends all the fourth period making eyes at Phyllis Bartlett. Is Marg Osborne jealous—or is she?

We heard Bill Orr tell somebody at a party that Edith Mason was his best girl, and always has been. Must be the spring in the air, because we have also heard rumors about Nan—but that was at least a week ago.

Riley Michel was heard to say she didn't need a wedding picture. Planning to get married already, Riley?—who's the lucky person

Commercial, with that Buster Collins, still has its attractions for Peggy Cocks of Western, even though Peggy makes eyes at Bill Perry. It's a fine thing they go to different schools.

Betty Morrison enjoys the finer Arts. This one is tall, blonde and handsome—and the name is Marshall.

June Tompkins has been stepping out with a crooner on Saturday night. Too bad, fellows, you've "gotta learn to croon if you want to win your heart's desire.

Phil Henry is trying hard to get a date with Hazel Dickson—come on, Hazel, give the poor guy a break.

Donald Patterson certainly aimed high when he gave Dossie York a Valentine gift. Seems to be a pretty good way of starting off.

Gordie Humphries thinks Kay Keir is awfully cute. Did it take you all this time to find that out, Gordy?

Jim Humphries and Bernice Ireland have always been the best of friends, especially since the Upton-Ireland romance went on the rocks.

A little birdie told us that Stu Henderson and Dolores Heiters are still thataway—but it seems both of them are awfully stubborn.

Marjorie Osborne is the reason why Morley West so industriously saves his pennies—what price love?

Bert Follett has eyes for only one young Miss this days — her name is Alice.

Bill Topley of C.C.I. thinks our own Deolres Heiters is pretty oke. It's a mystery to us how this has escaped the notice of prying Murray Law.

Betty Clendenan and Olive Lomas like to go down to the paper office — the attractions are Bill Hamilton and Bert Follett.

Betty Stobo has fallen for a boy in the library. Could it be Gordon Lowle?

Who did R. Cooper escort from the last hockey game? That's not school spirit, Jake!

There's a very tall, very cute boy who is dating Mary Pierce nowadays—and he **doesn't** go to Western.

We hear Marvelle Hicky had a perfect time at the Rover's dance. Are you sure it wasn't Bill Webster who was perfect, Marvelle?

Dick Towers is showing off a black eye. You were out with Hazel Harvey, weren't you, Dick? Some love affair.

Why is it that Bill Murray talks so much of Kay McLaren who is now sick in bed? Is it that bad, Bill?

We wonder why Bill Payne's face goes so red when he sees a certain little blonde come through the corridor—maybe he's wondering too.

So Ken Duyer likes to go ski-ing when there is a big moon! C'mon, Ken, who is it?

Gained Fame on Scandal Pages

John Richardson loves to go to a dance stag 'cause then he can have fun with all the girls. The many and varied "lines" are spoiling the Richardson modesty.

Melesse Glazier blushed very prettily when she had to shake hands with Alan Avery (Governor General) in Dramatics.

Stu Munro must have had a heavy date the other night. He promonaded down 17th Avenue just reeking with Lavender, Nectar of Roses, etc. You weren't going to get that picture taken with Lyl were you, Stu?

Someone caught Brent Johnson and Bill Hamilton wishing Olive Lomas a happy birthday. Oh boy! Bet they wish she had birthdays a lot more often.

Don McNeil has changed his time table in the morning since Monica "Blondie" Townsend has entered his life. Poor Doris is out in the cold now.

This bit of scandal is a choice between four sent in concerning Agnes Simmonds. Quote: "We wonder why Agnes Simmonds wants to sit near the window in spare. Is it to look out or to watch Johnny Gordon? It couldn't be jealousy of another girl could it, Agnes?"

Helen Gerlitz was afraid to bring her boy friend to a party because she thought some other girl might take him from her. My! My! We thought girls were proud of their boy friends.

We wonder if it was purely a coincidence that Jean Swan and Julius O'Connor sit beside each other in so many periods. If it was a coincidence, it sure was a lucky one, wasn't it, Jene?

Nan Ogilvie — thinking! Is it Bob Osborne or Bruce Orr that is occupying your thoughts, Nan?

Jack "Playboy" Beavers enjoys French Period because of Ruth Bodwin's proximity. Two-timing Miss Cormack, Jack?

It's really something when Bob Hutton takes his dancing seriously, and is he ever becoming good at the Charleston Swing. Could June Tompkins be the reason?

What is the attraction at the boys' side of History Period, Audrey? Is it Pete or Harry? Can't quite make up your mind, eh?

We overheard Edith Mason tell Gwen Hatcher that her brother, Bill, had a nice voice over the 'phone. Come on, it's not too late yet, Edith.

Allan Avery seems quite proud of getting his name in the Scandal. He goes around asking people if they saw it.

Milly Hillock has stopped taking Algebra III. Could it be because Jack Storey was always pulling her imaginary pig-tails?

Bette Burland has quite a variety of escorts these days. Gordy Wycokoff for shows, and Bill Upton and Dennis Potts for dancing. Bill is the latest one and getting along fine, thank you.

We saw Dick Matthews entertaining Dorothy Schopp in spare. And the other girls around were so-o-o jealous.

If you want to meet Hugh Buchanan, Jeannette, please don't frighten him with so much attention. He is such a timid soul during an important period.

Ginger King whiles away the school hours by writing notes to Margaret Lynn.

Bim Johnson has Dossie York dated of the Hi-Y dance, February 26th, and Dutchess Ireland for the Alpha Chi Delta dance, March 4th. Quite a social butterfly aren't you, Bim — flitting from flower to flower?

Maisie Whitlock has won the heart of George Nutall AGAIN. And you said you'd never go with the same boy twice!

"Follow the Leader" is a game for a crowd, but Ruby Bibby and Bill Clarke have made new rules and just play it by themselves. They really get a kick out of it!

James Pow sure made a hit with Edith Mason. The Love Bug will bite you Edith!

After the first period, Helen Able rolls her eyes at a certain young man. Is it Lionel Matthews or Bill Allen. You're not Able to handle two are you, Helen?

When Doris Howatt discovered she wasn't so struck on Bill Perry, she stole a C.C.I. twerp from a gal and now she's trying to steal a handsome hero known as Leroy from a certain C.C.I.'er.

Fred Dawson hates the thought of ever going under an operation because of what he might say in coming out of the ether. What a guilty conscience he must have!

Andy Bell sent a nice Valentine to his girl in Ontario.

It is rumored that Jean Cronie stares into space in Spare. Funny how John Doyle gets into her line of vision. Mere coincidence, of course.

Senior Hockey Team Trounces St. Mary's

Show Spectacular form in Thrill-packed Game with Play-off Rivals

Western showed their most spectacular form of the present season when they defeated St. Mary's in their last game in the league before the playoffs for the championship of the Senior Hockey Interscholastic league. Play was exceptionally rough, punctuated by fights and several penalties. However this only added to the thrills of the game, much to the delight of the fans. We hope both teams will play the clean brand of hockey which they have characterized during the season, in the playoffs. Western led the Saints by three points at the end of the second period but their chances for a shutout were gone when St. Mary's scored less than one minute after the third period began.

In the first period the teams changed from hockey to boxing for a few minutes. Just after Bob Steedman scored the first goal of the game on a pass from B. Harrison. As a result of this, B. Harrison and a St. Mary's player spent 10 minutes in the cooler. Correy was then penalized for tripping, leaving Western short handed. Steedman tallied again on a pass from Corry to put Western in the lead a 2-0 score.

During the second period feeling ran very high, with five penalties being handed out. The green and white were determined to score and Taylor outdid himself in the Western goal, keeping out his rivals close shots. The Steedman-Harrison combination again shone,

WESTERN GIRLS DEFEAT CRESCENT TEAM

A hard-fought game in Western Auditorium saw our Western Junior girls get the nod as they defeated Crescent 13-11. The game was a toss-up all the way as there was seldom much difference in the two scores. A feature of the battle was the close checking of both teams, which is a very good reason for the low score. A fair number of penalties also featured the game. The scoring was also well distributed among the players, as no individual monopolized the scoring points.

Lineup of Teams

Crescents: J. Crist (2), Dombeski, Lee, Pluto, Vanvolkenburg (3), Waters, Rollo (2), Sweet (4), Stacy, Scott.

Western: Anderson (2), Powland (3), Petras, Thomson (2), Nerland (2), Cool, Douglas (4), Strock, Gibutt, Wusyk.

when Harrison bagged the only goal of the second period.

The last 20 minutes of the game could never be classified as good hockey. There were continual scraps, with penalties going to both teams. John Richardson was given a free shot, when he was tripped, but failed to score. St. Mary's got their one counter, but our team raised their number to five, with Bob Freeze making a spectacular dash down the ice to score unassisted and J. Richardson tallied on Norbury's pass. Final score: Western 5, St. Mary's 1. Lineup:

Western: Goal, Taylor; defence, Freeze, Harrison, Richardson and Powell; forwards, Steedman, Corry, Perry, Norbury, Cleighton.

We wish to congratulate the boys on having succeeded in reaching the finals and to wish them every success in bringing the cup home.

SUPPORT THEM! WESTERN!

C.C.I. "Weeper" of Feb. 21, 1938 was the final edition of the Weeper — we presume for this year.

WESTERN "B" TEAM BOWS TO WESTERN "A"

In an action-packed game in the Auditorium, Western "A" team more than doubled the score on the hard-fighting "B" team. Although the A's had a decided edge over their opponents all through the game, it wasn't as much as the score might indicate. The game was very interesting to watch, especially the excellent team work of the "A" team and the superb passing of Hatcher, Murray, Webber and Wrathol.

The "B" team just couldn't score on the breaks. Time after time the "A" boys marched up the floor and scored, but time and again the "B" team marched back, but the ball always seemed to evade the hoop. High scorers of the game were: Wrathol 16, followed by Hatcher, Scove, Murray and Carl Smith with 12 each.

Another contest at Crescent Heights school, saw the unlucky Western "B" team again go down to defeat to the tune of 52-18, and at the hands of Crescent "A" team. The Hilltops were in excellent scoring form, as basket after basket was tallied, but the Western boys never gave up fighting. High scorers of this game were Ratledge and Saunders with 14 each, followed by Atillio with 10 and Cook with 8.

SAINTS' JUNIORS DEFEAT CRESCENTS 7-1

In a hard-fought battle at the Arena, Saints definitely defeated and outclassed a much weaker Crescent team. Brackenbury was the star performer for Saints. McGuire played as a standout between the pipes for the green and white squad.

Attention students! The Weeper stated: "The Weeper spends its surplus by improving its paper." Interesting, what? That probably means they spend the surplus buying Western Mirrors for their editorial writers.

HOW ABOUT IT?

Glen Clever Interviews Mr. Dailley, Manager of T. Eaton Co.,
in Regards to Qualifications Required for Sales Position

"I want a go-getter, a hustler," "What about outside interests?" I asked.

said Mr. Dailley, manager of Eaton's. "I want students with at least Grade XI, with a mathematical inclination, with personality, aggressiveness and originality."

"Studious?" I perked up.

But Mr. Dailley shook his head. "Not necessarily so. The student who is proficient in languages, literature or history is usually unsuited to commercial merchandising. He seldom has the mathematical grasp necessary in a large business concern, nor is he willing to gamble to play the hunches which must be played before any real quantity of business can be transacted."

"Of course you want a gentleman," I said.

"Well, that depends on what you mean by 'gentleman.' A student to succeed in my business must have tact and agreeable manners, but must be more dominant than the usual run of gentleman are."

"But courteous and willing to learn," I suggested.

"Ch, certainly. Furthermore, he must be subject to discipline and not afraid of hard work."

"They are unimportant. I expect my employees to work twenty-four hours a day—that is," he added, "to be as friendly outside the store as within, and to bear in mind always that the sole purpose of the retailing industry is to serve the public."

"Is a business course an asset?" I inquired.

"No. It is of little value in large concerns, because each large organization has its own system of book-keeping and accounting. I expect a student to have a good appearance, personality, height, sporting ability and integrity of character. Study of trade journals business books and outlines of research will also be of aid to those who wish to succeed in retail merchandizing."

It is with great regret that editors of the Mirror state that due to need of space for more important matters, in the future no editorials will be written about "Central Originality."

SUPER SNOOP

There is a Rag in our fair town,
A Rag of no renown.
Of jumbled words and so-called
jokes,
Upon it we all frown.

The editors are a bunch of dopes,
The reporters are the same.
Now, this Ray amidst our midst
Is the "C.C.I. Weeper" by name.

(Hurray! Today I am a poet.)
As the theme of my masterpiece
suggests, my column this week is
devoted to heckling the C.C.I.
Weekly Weeper!

Question: What do you think of
the C.C.I. school paper?

Bill Hamilton: Words fail to express
my opinion.

Jean Perkins: Their Scandal is
pretty feeble—or maybe they are
too slow there to have any Scandal.

Art Roberts: Their jokes should
have been buried with Pharaoh.

Bill Levy: It's a combination of
all the bad points of journalism.

(By the way, the last two boys
were once students at C.C.I., and
their opinion is of course the best.)

Dolores Heiters: I think it's a
good paper. (Oh well what's one
opinion against hundreds of others.)

Bill Johnston: Anything that
Murray Law has his hand in is
bound to be putrid.

Johnny Chapter (Johnny's Journal to you): It grieves me sore in these days of strain and stress, to see a misguided group of "ham" journalists, wasting good paper and printers' ink on a feeble rag called the Weeper. Frustrated genius er sumpin. I don't blame them for calling it the Weeper, for I can well imagine the students "over there" weeping because they lack a good paper.

THE WESTERN PARADE

By BILL HAMILTON

The selection below might not in your estimation be correct. If you are interested make out a list of your own and hand it in.

| | Girl | Boy |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------|-----------------|
| Personality | Dolores Heiters | Bert Follett |
| Smile | Lucy Pierce | Stu Munro |
| Most Studious | Margaret Rost | Bill Taft |
| Hair | Marg Le Couteur | Larry Winter |
| Manners (Poise) | Kay Brock | Ted Mackintosh |
| Profile | Dorothy York | Reg. Mawer |
| Clothes | Marg Cameron | Melvin Polsky |
| Conversation (Interest) | Joan Shouldice | John Shapter |
| Dancing | Bernice Ireland | Jim Humphries |
| Distinction | Marg Hooper | John Richardson |

Johnny's Journal

Howdy, youse guys and gals! If you want to learn history, see that Dave Wolochow. He gave me what he claimed was a "hot tip" last week. The hot tip turned out to be three weeks old, the girl concerned turned out to be not guilty (much), and the "otha gal" turned out to be a fighting female, and if I ever catch Dave Wolochow you'll see him wandering around with his eyes turned in.

Speaking of "turned in" reminds me, I have been informed that Jim Humphries, "Glencoe's galloping geezer of many beautiful badminton battles" and Lucy (Love Bug) Pierce, were turned away from the Central Lit. last Friday. This is one time that the "red plush cord" has gone wrong and refused admittance to the "right people." I don't imagine the kids missed much, and I can't understand why they wanted to go over to Central for a good time. Perhaps they wanted a thrill (falling masonry and stuff) or mebbe they were just slumming.

This week, by way of a change, I bring you a little philosophy which I recorded during a visit to "Sum Fun Boi," the Oriental mystic:

The man who cooks up excuses usually has to eat his words.

Nowadays a girl has to work like a horse to get a groom.

When a man can't get out of bed in the morning, it's certainly cause for alarm.

There was once a night club girl called "Good Resolution" — they never carried her out.

In these days, on the roads, it's a case of survival of the fittest.

Philatelists are easy to recognize, I'm told — men after the same stamp.

In my opinion, the second one

could be changed: "Nowadays a girl has to work like a fisherman to catch a sucker." Ah, well, who am I to tamper with genuine Oriental philosophy.

(If that office boy tells where I really got those sayings, I'll butter his ears.)

Now dear reader, I am going to share with you a little story that actually occurred. It may be feeble, but remember this story truly happened. I was sitting in a confectionery on 17th avenue when some slug came in and said:

"Got any tuna fish?"

"Sure we got tuna fish — what tune you like?"

(Okay, don't laugh. I thought it was funny anyway!)

Boy, those folks over in Central are always thinking of something new. I don't know whether they got the idea from the Provincial Hatcheries, or from an Incubator Catalogue.

In a recent write-up concerning their Year Book, the Central editorial staff mentioned that the boys were "laying" down on the job. Now, in all fairness to the boys over at Central, I think that if they must do as the hens do, they should be allowed to start with eggs. I imagine down is hard stuff to lay. My guess is that Central is teaching the boys to lay down, so they can sell the down either to the mattress company or to the "Home for Mangy Ducks." The money gained from this preposterous poultry proposition will no doubt be used to repair the plaster which is falling from the assembly hall of their coop.

And for all you artists. Here's a hot tip on design harmony: "A freckled-faced girl in a polka dot

dress and a leopard coat, leading a giraffe." Phew, that's almost as bad as those Saturday morning pixies!

Well, Westernites, the group that represented you at the Capitol theatre Collegiate Nite, certainly did very well. I was proud to see Western's colors on the stage when they were borne by such a talented group of entertainers.

Highlights of the Show:

—When Leo Smuntan's Gang played their arrangement of our rousing battle cry, "Hurrah for Dear Old Western."

—When Mick Wood, Dan Spittal and Ginger King said rah! rah! rah! two minutes after the chorus had been played.

—When the right leg of the pantaloons of Dolores Heiters' old-fashioned dress fell down, and gracefully draped itself over her foot and about an acre of the stage.

—When Wilse Jessee came out with a decided overdose of rouge make-up on his fizzog, looking very much like a rag doll or a stop sign or "sumpin'."

—When the Western locomotive lost all its steam on the second turn.

Well, youse guys and goils, before screaming for a copy boy, and shooting yet another edition of Johnny's Journal across the deadline, I want to warn you that you will be feeling powerful sorry for yosef if you don't get a Year Book this year. We're ready to go to press with one of the best Year Books that has ever been published at this institution. That's no idle boast. Buy one and see for yourself. So long folksies.

—Johnny Shapter.